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## POETRY.

### Christmas Guests.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,  
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,  
As if the blushes of our faded roses  
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,  
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hillside,  
And in the stillness, growing deep and holy,  
Our Christmas guests come in this evildie.

They enter softly, some with baby faces,  
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life—  
We bid them welcome to their vacant places;  
They won the peace and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,  
Their hands point backward to the paths they trod—  
Dear ones, we know how long yearningly bravely  
And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were given  
By our hard words, and looks of cold disdain;  
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,  
To come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is more kind than any other,  
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,  
The Prince of Peace, our Gracious Elder Brother,  
Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger  
Hast gladdened our poor hearts with hope and love—  
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,  
But tarry, Lord, our friend and Christmas guest.

—Good Words.

## STORY TELLER.

### CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

There were gathered in police headquarters on Christmas eve some years since, several detectives and as many newspaper reporters. The detectives said things were dull, and the newspaper reporters made a similar complaint. It was rather cold outside, though there was a good fire in the detectives' office. It was just the right kind of a night for story telling; the last call prior to the old after midnight had been sent to the police stations asking if anything had occurred of importance. The answer came from them all, "nothing new." "O. K." was sent back to all the stations.

The oldest of the detectives, after filling his pipe, stretched himself out in an easy chair and began: "I promised to tell you fellows a Christmas Eve story, and I will do it. Somehow I never was much of a success at telling stories, though in this case the facts themselves, even if poorly related, cannot help but be of interest. I happened to be in the village of B—, not twenty miles from here, working up a little job for the postoffice department. A mail carrier had been opening the mail bags and taking letters from them. It was a simple case, as clear as daylight. All I had to do was to bulldoze the fellow a little; he was young and inexperienced, and he gave the whole thing away; we gave him a year for it.

"I had just returned to the village. Things were very quiet, and I was about going to bed—it was about 10 o'clock—when there was a sudden excitement of some kind up at the end of the village. Loud voices could be heard crying out, 'Stop him!' 'We've got him.' About ten o'clock, or half an hour before that, the night express, which generally stopped there, had dropped several passengers at the station. I started up to see what the trouble was, and soon I met a couple of the clerks in a store in the village coming down the road, having secured in their grasp by the collar and sleeves a rather fine-looking young fellow. They took him over to Squire —'s office, where, after the squire arrived, he had a hearing. The young man was charged with burglary, in entering Green's store by the rear window. It appears the two clerks went to the store that night a couple of hours after they had closed up, and seeing that there was something wrong, gave the alarm. As they were getting out of the yard by the back fence they saw the man they had under pass along, and they arrested him. He was a stranger to every one, and had never been in the village before, so far as any one knew. He made no explanation at all except that he knew nothing of the burglary; that he happened to pass there just when he did, because he was looking for a house in that part of the village. The name of the person or persons he wanted to find he would not give. I, of course, had nothing to do with the case. Indeed, there was no one in the room that knew then that I was a detective. Still, I took a kind of interest in it. Somehow the young man did not look like a crook. I couldn't understand, however, why he did not strengthen the thing out by telling what he was

doing there, if, as he claimed, he was innocent. Squire — committed him for trial to the country jail, which was seven miles from there. The two clerks and an old fellow, who was a kind of a constable, took the fellow over to the jail in a milk wagon.

"I returned to the hotel and went to bed. Next morning, I got up about an hour before my train came along—for I had to return to Albany as soon as I could to attend to some other cases—and went up to the store. The windows had been forced with a jimmy. The kit of tools by which the safe was to be cracked lay upon the floor. They were nice-looking tools. The whole lay-out satisfied me that whoever owned them was a professional safe burglar. There were wedges, fuses, a box of powder, and every thing else that was necessary for business. The safe in the store was used by almost every one as a place of deposit for their money. The paymaster of a big concern near there usually kept his money in the safe. This was generally known, and was the reason why the "cracksman" wanted to blow it. Near the counter was found a button, which had been dropped or been pulled off from an overcoat. The clerks in the store said they noticed there was a button off the coat of a man whom they had arrested and lodged in jail the night before. This was a very strong circumstance against his innocence, if it happened to be true; and I felt satisfied from the positive way in which the clerks told it that it was true. That was all I knew of the case at that time, and I did not expect probably to learn what sentence the prisoner got.

"Ten days afterwards I went to the village again to appear against my mail depredator. The hearing took place before the same magistrate. The young fellow, my prisoner, had two lawyers to defend him. There was a good deal of tone and style about his relations, and they did not like the idea of my even suspecting that their young relative would even think of such a thing as rob a mail bag, and had determined to break me down. The hearing lasted for over four hours, during which time I was cross-examined at a fearful rate by two fools of country lawyers, who were continually bringing out things against their client that I had not thought of stating. It was a dead-open-and-shut case, and the squire held the chap in \$3,000 bail for trial. It took place, and as I said before, he got a year. This hearing had not exposed the fact that I was a detective officer.

"A week later, the burglar, who had given his name as Frank Harding, got a trial in the county court before Judge Bryan and was acquitted. The only thing against him was the button. A button was missing from his coat. He said he did not know how it got off, but thought probably it was pulled off by the young men who arrested him, and that they took it in their clothing to the store, where it was found, without knowing it. The judge instructed the jury that there was considerable doubt in the case, and reminded them that the doubt should go in favor of the innocence of the prisoner. He was accordingly acquitted.

"He left the court room and town as soon as possible in company with a gentleman who had come on from some northern city to defend him. No one knew who he was or where he came from. The jailor's wife and young daughter said they were sure he was a gentleman, and that he was innocent; but beyond that they knew nothing.

"Mr. Harding," said Molly Wimsatt, the jailor's daughter, "was in our jail nearly three weeks, but during that time he let me no one, except father and I see his face. When others were near the door of his cell he turned his back to them or covered his face with his handkerchief. One night, when he was asleep, father says he talked about Ella somebody, but he didn't say what the rest of her name was, and I was sorry."

"It is proper that I should let you all catch your breath," said the narrator, "so I'll divide this thing up into chapters. In the meantime I'll fill up my pipe again."

"One day between the Christmas and New Year following I received a note from a lady, who signed her name Ella Warfield. She asked that I meet her that evening at 6:30 o'clock, in the parlor of the Metropolitan hotel, adding that her business with me was

of a professional and confidential character. I was there on the minute and sent up my card. The answer was that the lady would see me in the parlor. I went up, and met—I'll not go into a description of her—but she was what you young fellows call fine looking. Her forehead indicated strong sense, and her closely-fitting lips showed that she was of a determined mind.

"She began by apologizing for sending for me, but she saw no other way out of her difficulty. She began by handing me a letter, and asking me to read it—the signature having been torn from it. The exact words of the letter I don't now recall, but it went on to say in substance that the writer was exceedingly sorry that he had been unable to make the visit he had promised on Christmas day, and equally sorry that he could not since have written or made a visit: 'My calling upon you,' he wrote, 'would be of incalculable harm to you, for, strange as it may appear, my reputation in the village of B—is that of a burglar. You have not heretofore known it, but I am the man who was arrested almost in front of your house on Christmas eve, for robbing —'s store and attempting to break the iron safe, and who gave his name as Frank Harding. By a mere accident I got into B— that evening, instead of the next morning, and while looking for your house I met two men coming out of the store. They grabbed me and said I had entered their store. I did not know what to say, so I said nothing. I was the victim of circumstances. I was taken before Squire — and by him sent to the jail at M—, but after a trial was honorably acquitted. Don't get worried over this: it will all come out right sometime, but until it does I shall insist that you shall regard me as a thing of the past—as dead. I am innocent, and I know you think me so; the court legally declared it. But there are certain things in connection with the case that make it very unfortunate for me. In some way a button that was torn from my coat was found in the store. I can't explain its presence there. It will never do for me to go to B—, again, or even be seen with you. It would do you great injury, for the busy bodies would talk about it. When everything is cleared up, I shall be most happy, provided you will wait that long to renew my acquaintance.' There were several other letters, all touching upon the same subject, in reply to letters sent by the lady. I may as well say here as at any time; that Harding was not the fellow's name; neither will I give his true name, for reasons further on. But I will speak of him as Harding. I told the lady that I happened to have seen the gentleman. I spoke of the night he was arrested, and of my confidence then the 'cozzy was dead wrong,' by which I mean that he was not the man that I should have arrested.

"I am running a terrible risk in the matter," the lady then said, 'and possibly I may displease him; but I implore you to endeavor to find who the real burglar is. My father knew I expected a visit from Mr. Harding, and he also knows that for some unexpected reason he did not come. Of course, he knows nothing of this affair. It was late at night, and but few there were who were arrested. Still, there were many from the village at the court house during the trial. It is all a mystery to me, but I am glad to believe that you can unravel it.'

"I thanked her for her good opinion of me, and promised I would do what I could, adding that I felt an interest in the case from the moment I saw the young man. She never gave me his name, and I never asked for it nor knew it for one year afterwards. But if ever a man did work hard on a case I did on that one. The lady told me that all my expenses would be paid and that I need not keep them down, provided a reasonable expenditure would help the solving of the mystery; and it was hard to get a start, much harder than if Harding had not been arrested.

"I went to B—the day after and talked pretty freely of the robbery, but never mentioned my connection with the matter, leaving the folks there to suppose I was still on the post-office case. I could find nothing new. Every one I asked about it was dead sure that Harding was the burglar—one of the clerks in the store was more sure of it than the other. He went by the name of Hal Perkins. I asked him his reasons for suspecting Harding, but I found they were not based

on any reality, but exclusively on imagination. I saw Hal do a little trick one day afterwards which convinced me he was not honest. The other clerk, named James Riley, was a good-natured, honest-looking fellow. I don't know how it is, but I can never get rid of first impressions. My first impression was that Hal knew more about the robbery than he should, for the reason that he was always endeavoring to convince those he talked to of the guilt of Harding, and the legal tricks used by Mr. Thompson, the Philadelphia lawyer, whom he had brought to M—to defend him.

"I also felt confident that no harm would ensue if I gave the case a little rest. I had other things on hand, among them a troublesome kind of a jewelry robbing case, and was just as glad to forget it for a while. A week or so afterwards I got a letter from Miss Warfield, stating that she saw me in B—, and asking if there were any new developments. I answered that she must say as little about the matter as possible, that I wanted all the talk about it to die out, and that under no circumstances did I expect to get to the bottom of the matter for three months at least—probably six months.

"I kept away from B—, though from others I heard every now and then that Hal and Riley were still employed in the store. "In about a month I got another note from Miss Warfield, again asking about what I had found out. I made an appointment to see her at the Metropolitan again, when I told her my suspicions and how necessary it was that I should not go to B—. "Incidentally, Miss Warfield mentioned the fact that Riley had been discharged from the store, but did not know the reason. I forgot to put in the proper place that Colonel Warfield was one of the best known and wealthiest farmers in — county, and was a perfect prince in his way, as I had heard before, and learned afterwards. I again impressed upon Miss Warfield that the case would work up slow, and that it was a doubtful thing, after all.

"It was some time, probably a month, before I saw Riley, though I heard of him frequently; that is, heard he was still at B—. He came on the day I saw him to see about getting a place at Home's grocery store at Washington. I had arranged with Mr. Home that he be sent for. Mr. Home liked his looks and told him he could commence work the next day. Then the prospects of working up the case brightened up. I was very busy with other matters, but I managed to drop in on Home's every now and then, and have a talk with Riley. Riley was a good judge of horses, though a young man, and I asked him to drive out with me on Sunday to try a horse that I was thinking of buying. He did so, and as we were driving out near Brightwood we got to talking about the burglary at B—.

"There was one thing about the case Mr. G— (the owner of the store) never knew," said Riley. "I never got along well with Hal, and he was the cause of my being discharged. He did me injustice in a number of cases, but I don't mean to do him any. The facts were, though, that we should have been sleeping in the store that night, but were not. Hal induced me to go with him to a kind of Christmas Eve party at a house about two miles up the road. When we got to the house we found there was no party there, and had to return. As we reached the store, even before we had a good chance to get a look through we had opened the door, Hal said, 'The store has been robbed.' Just then I looked out and saw the burglar, Harding, stumbling along, looking as if he was hurrying to get away. I said, 'that is the man that robbed it;' then we both ran and caught him. He would not explain or say a word, though at first I did not think he was the burglar. Finding the button from his coat in the store settled it, though, with me."

"I did not indicate in any way that I had an interest in the case, and soon we were talking on other matters. But I never forgot what Riley said about Hal crying out the store has been robbed before he had a chance to know it. This settled it with me. Hal was a party to the burglary: got Riley out of the store so the job could be done, and then afterwards got him discharged because he was somehow in his way to more crime. But who was the burglar?"

"You say you don't care who the

burglar was, and that you want to know whether the girl was a blonde or a brunette? Well, all that will come in good time. But I was more interested in the burglar than in the girl just then.

"Henry Perkins and Grove Marshal, you and each of you, are charged with burglary, in that you conspired to enter, and did feloniously enter, the store of Charles Green in the village of B—, on the night of December 25, 188—. What say you; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Thus spake Judge Ryan at the September term of the circuit court. There was a good-sized crowd present, for the arrest of Hal Perkins had created a sensation in B—, as also throughout the county. The 'Frank Harding' of the previous trial was present, so was James Riley. Hal entered his plea first, with a 'not guilty' in a kind of undecided way. Marshal was different. His reply was, 'I don't know nothing about it.'

"They were represented by able counsel. The trial lasted a day. First, Riley took the stand. He recited the facts of the burglary, as he knew them; and how Hal had induced him to leave the store that night; that Hal discovered that burglary had been committed the instant the door was opened, though there was no light in the store, or anything to indicate that everything was not all right, and that Marshal had been in the store several times. Then Frank Harding told how he happened to be passing the store as he was, of his arrest, and of his subsequent acquittal. He could not explain how the button from his coat was found in the store, but he was told others could. 'Is Frank Harding your real name?' inquired Colonel Carter, the leading counsel for the defense. "It is not my entire name, sir," he answered; "I need that much of it to conceal my identity when I was unfortunate enough to have been arrested." "So you desired to conceal your identity? That's serious business, sir," angrily spoke Colonel Carter. "Why concealment?" "For the sake of others. Further than that I will not say, he answered. "What is your name now?" asked the lawyer specially emphasizing the word now. "My name, sir, now is, and always has been, Frank Harding Brooks. For my own reasons I left the last part off." "And your residence?" "Boston." "Your business?" "My profession, sir, is that of a physician."

"This concluded his testimony. Then I took the stand. I told how I was present the night the burglary took place; how I came to suspect Hal Perkins, and went through the various things I had done in working up the case. I knew Marshal very well, and helped send him to the stir (the penitentiary) for the Ocean Bank burglary. I told the jury this, and also how I came to arrest him in this job. Upon an examination of the 'jimmy' found in the store with the kit, I saw the initials of the old Frank Crandall stamped on it. Two months before the trial I was in Buffalo—a witness in a bank cracking case in which Crandall and several others were convicted. From one of the parties convicted I learned who did the work at B—. It appeared that Marshal did not do the right thing with him, and he was sour. I took advantage of the sourness, and got the whole thing from him. It was an easy thing then. I picked up Marshal at Elmira, where he was in a hospital sick. It turned out that he was a cousin of Hal Perkins, and frequently went to Green's store.

"Hal and Riley got back too soon, for Marshal was slow in getting to work. He was in the back yard when Harding was arrested. In the tussle a button fell off Harding's coat. Marshal picked it up and afterwards let it fall in the store, where Hal found it. There was other evidence, and plenty of it. The jury brought in a verdict after five minutes absence, finding them both guilty. Marshal was given twelve years and Hal six. Thus the mystery was fathomed. I swung the newspaper reporters say. As we left the court room we met Miss Warfield, who had just arrived in M—in her carriage. We all, that is Harding, (for I have always called him Harding still), Riley and myself, returned to B—, on the outskirts of which was the home of the Warfield."

"The whirligig of time has had another turn. It is Christmas eve. There is a stir all through B—. People are talking of a wedding. The village church never looked more charming; the decorations never brighter, and the occupants never

happier. I was there in one of the front pews. So were my wife and two daughters. A bishop had come from Baltimore to tie the knot. The style, the beauty and wealth of — county was there. Frank Harding Brooks, with thou, &c.; Ella Warfield, with thou, &c. And they were, by the blessed sacrament, that heavenly tie, marriage, made one."

### Pleasure of Being Choked to Death.

A correspondent writes to the *Pull-Mall Gazette*: "The question of hanging or decapitation is one which has reasoning advocates on both sides, as has the third alternative of no capital punishment whatever; but human ingenuity is far from being exhausted on this topic, and there are other alternatives beside the garrote, of which nothing need be said as more barbarous than hanging. But unless we hold the mortal terror of a rough death as a part of any scheme of punishment, I can offer from personal experience a suggestion to the avoidance of the most repulsive part of the English legal method. While a student I was one evening investigating the question of respiration, and to obtain more definite data I took a scarf, bound about my throat, and held it there, drawn with my full force. My room mate on the other side of the study table did not take notice of what I was doing, and went on with his talking, which died away by degrees into a murmur and was lost. My own senses seemed normally acute, but gradually and without any distress sight and sound failed me, and a dreamy and not unpleasant state of incipient insensibility, not unlike that produced by chloroform, set in, and I passed into a painless and complete oblivion—a total insensibility to all surroundings, impressions or physical sensations. I was conscious of no choking or effort at breathing; and, indeed, that function seemed to be quite superfluous. I liked the sensation, and hung on to the scarf with unsuspicious vigor as long as consciousness remained, after which my hands relaxed their hold, the scarf fell, and slowly breath and circulation resumed their offices. I might, I suppose, have died and known nothing more of the matter, and why should not the poor scamp who must be choked to death be allowed to go by the easy way I travelled out of sight of life and without a pang?"

### SWISS MAIDENS AND MATRONS.

Compared with the average of Irish or American girls, the Swiss girl is hideous. Her hair would be flaxen, except for its coarseness; her eyes seem to have been planted there accidentally and came up by chance, and her mouth is a mere casual slit in her face, as if made by the careless clip of some unskillful old carver in wood. Her lips are in the vocative, and when she smiles she exhibits in all their glory the exuberant gums of her upper jaw. Her chin looks like some giant's heel, and in a few years a goitre will hang to it like a hornet's nest. Some of these Swiss maidens glanced coyly from the windows and doors and smiled their best, but the virtue of our party defied their blandishments, and we proceeded as fast as possible on our way.

The lower slopes on the mountain were green and fruitful. Barley and wheat grew tall and heavy, and fine fields of potatoes were about ready for the harvest, indeed, here and there girls of 18 or 20 were digging potatoes, while other girls were picking them up and shouldering them off in great baskets. I passed where a girl was mowing, and in the universal language of gesture I asked her to let me tickle it. She hesitated, grinned (with the internal facial exhibition before alluded to), and handed over the scythe. It was exactly such a scythe as old Time always carries in the almanacs—sharp, straight, six inches wide at the heel. And the swath was like unto a broomhandle. I swung the unfamiliar implement a few times, cutting off some grass a large log, and the top of a stationary rock. She winced a little at this, and I returned the weapon and gave her a franc. She curtsied and smiled (in the way before mentioned). The custom of the country required that I should kiss her, but I blush to say that I was false to the trust. Really, she was not fascinating. One must draw a line somewhere.

Other women were mowing wheat with similar scythes, others binding it in bundles and others still dragging wagon loads of it in, harnessed to it with ropes. And all the while their

patient and industrious husbands were sitting on wayside benches in the shade, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows by selling alpen stocks and cuckoo clocks. I sometimes think we need a social revolution in America before our women will be truly happy. They need to put off the badge of servitude and assert their right to all the prerogatives of the male citizen. I know men in America who would be willing to concede the point and try the Swiss plan.—W. A. Croffut in *Chicago Tribune*.

### WHAT IS FARMING?

It is something more than staying on a farm. It is something more than skinning the oil. It is more than selling hay or potatoes, and bulky crops unanimalized. Farming is a business, a profession, a practical and scientific operation whereby the soil is used for profit, and improved under the operation. The processes of nature must be understood and worked in harmony with the chemistry of the earth and air. The processes of the elements must be understood, if not in their technical terms and language, in that sensible understanding, that common sense way, that their own advantage and capabilities may be turned to best accounts. The lawyer works by law and precedent, the physician works by symptoms and indication, the mechanic by measure and capacities. The farmer must work by all—by rules, laws, observation and experiment. He must be a practical lawyer, doctor, merchant, and mechanic of the vegetable, the animal and the trade world about him. He must be a skilled workman in productive, operative and commercial articles in which his business line and his sphere of circulation extend.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and a hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air in the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches the flocks and herds as they feed upon the green hilly slopes. He hears the pleasant rain fall upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in his south field rustle about him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

### For Young Men to Remember.

"That clothes don't make the man. That parting the hair in the middle brings on softening of the brain."

That to deal honorably with all men by beginning with their washwoman.

That they need something more substantial than cigars, kid gloves, and a cane to start housekeeping with.

That they can't reckon on their father's fortune to bring them through life. Fortunes are slippery things—better have something besides to fall back on.

That a girl who decks herself in the latest things out and parades in the street while her mother does the washing, isn't worth wasting much more on.

That a fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a girl when he can't support himself, is either a first-class fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her hired man.

### WHY A WHIP CRACKS.

The doubling of the lash itself produces an accelerating speed in the cracker, so that by the time it arrives at the end of its stroke, the velocity is very great. Its sudden check and return produces a blow upon the air of great intensity, which we hear and designate as a crack. The form of the lash, its gradual taper, and the tipping with a small, fibrous or frayed end, adds much to the strength of the "crack" by spreading a large area to act upon the air.—*Scientific American*.

### WHAT AN ACTOR SEES.

Joe Jefferson is a believer in spiritualism, and it is said that he sees—or thinks he does—the spirits of Hendrick Hudson's men frequently present during his scene with the ancients in the mountains. He will not talk on that subject for publication, lest he should be accused of using his religious views for advertising purposes.



E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the Editor, DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## Railroad Harvest for 1883.

ONE of our subscribers has kept tally of the number of deaf-mutes who have been killed on the railroad track during the year 1883. He finds that twenty-eight have been helped into the great hereafter by the locomotive, while five have been crippled for life. Bad as this may appear, it is encouraging to know that the figures are much smaller than during the years 1881 and 1882. In 1882 there were 47 killed on the railroad, and during the year 1881, there were 32. For the three years the total killed and injured footed up to 112. The track walking mania has been commented on so often in the JOURNAL, that we have nothing more to say on the subject. The above carries its own warning with it. We can only remark that we hope all who read this will be alive to read the report of the railroad harvest for 1884.

## A Merry Christmas.

BEFORE our next issue shall have appeared, Christmas will have come with its goodwill and good cheer, and all that will be left of it will be the presents. which Santa Claus has brought and the pleasant remembrances of a happy day. We hope that all of our readers will get their share of the good things which the day brings forth, that their children will find that Santa Claus has remembered each little stocking that hung by the fireplace, and that joy and a Merry Christmas will reign at every hearthstone of the deaf and dumb.

## A Nice Christmas Present.

WE call attention to Miss Angie Fuller's advertisement in another column. Any deaf-mute who wishes to make a neat and worthy Christmas present to his or her friends, cannot do better than select Miss Fuller's book of poems, which is called "The Venture." Hearing persons would be especially pleased to possess so novel a volume as a book of poetry written by a deaf-mute.

OUR Nebraska contemporary is a little excited over our editorial concerning Prof. Bell's lecture. We have a right to comment upon any public utterance, no matter by whom it is made. The public is imposed upon altogether too much in the matter of deaf-mute education, and is only too ready to take the word of a man whose reputation is so great as that of Prof. Bell, without demanding any proof that his assertions are correct. Prof. Bell did not branch off from the beaten path. The path has been traveled over. His theory has been tested, and pronounced a failure by men who are well qualified to judge, and the honesty of whose decision no one will question. It is not our purpose to attempt to belittle any one, much less so eminent a man as Professor Bell. But the fact that he is a great man and an acknowledged genius, should not prevent us from stating our honest convictions.

THE lifelong labors of Gallaudet and Clerc are at last receiving the recognition which they deserve. Monday evening last witnessed an enthusiastic celebration in Boston. Though we were unable to accept the invitation to be present, we nevertheless were much interested in the banquet on account of the men it was intended to honor and commemorate.

IN a late issue of the West Virginia Tablet, we notice our editorial "About Deaf-Mutes" copied verbatim *ad litteram*, but fail to see any "credit" attached. Probably our West Virginian contemporary made the omission through an oversight. At any rate, we feel complimented that the Tablet considered our article worthy of being reproduced.

## ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Flagg, of Boston, Mass., is in New York City.

John A. Skinner has a five-cent and ten-cent store in Hartford City, Ind., and is doing well.

Frank M. Hayes has left Mendon, and is now working on the *Sunday Herald*, in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Several members of the Gallaudet Club have signified their intention to be present at the Philadelphia Levee.

There are two deaf-mute boxers, who give exhibitions on the stage of Daly's New York Sporting House nightly.

Miss Sarah E. Woodworth will spend the Christmas holidays in New York. She expects to attend the Levee in Lyric Hall.

Mrs. Perry Peters, of Hamilton, N. Y., wants to know Mr. George P. Lockwood's and Miss Rosa Broshneck's addresses.

Not long ago, W. H. Terhush was in Whiteport, N. Y., and collected \$7 for the Building Fund. He remained there about three days.

Mrs. A. O. Bowler's father, Isaac Hodgman, died October 31st, aged 70 years. He was a great sufferer for seven months with heart disease.

Mr. Bill Dunn, a deaf-mute, thirty years old, is a shoemaker at Lawler, Ia. He was educated at the New York Institution, and thinks of paying his *Alma Mater* a visit before long.

Mr. Lord, of Meadville, Pa., called at the house of Cyrus Crawford, at Kerr's Hill, while Cyrus was absent in Titusville. Mr. Crawford was much disappointed at not seeing his friend.

Mrs. Budd, sister of Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. S. McClelland, of New Jersey, Mr. Goldman and Miss Sophia Sonnborn, were among the guests of the banquet of the Gallaudet Club.

The father of Matthew McCook, of Riceville, Ia., has just been appointed Justice of Peace, to fill the vacancy caused by J. C. Kellom being elected superintendent of schools for Howard County, Ia.

On October 10th, Merritt Osterander, of Whiteport, N. Y., was in Cornwall and called on P. W. and C. D. Edmonston. He was at the Newburgh Centennial, and witnessed the fireworks while on board the Mary Powell. He had a splendid time.

A service for deaf-mutes was held by Mr. G. W. Schutt, at the residence of Merritt Osterander, in Whiteport, N. Y., on December 9th. Mr. Solomon H. Winne and sister, of Kingston, were present, and seemed to be much interested in the service.

Mr. Geo. E. Fischer has been working with night and main, as agent for Miss Angie Fuller's book of poems. He deserves credit for his energy under adverse circumstances, and all who wish to encourage a good enterprise will do well to patronize him.

George Chandler, a brother-in-law of Matthew McCook, of Riceville, Ia., found two deaf-mute brothers in Mitchell County who had never been to school. They are now too old to be sent. On being asked why they had not been educated, their parents replied that they had never heard of an establishment for teaching the deaf and dumb.

Rev. J. B. Bowler, father of Albert O. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., was married last week to Miss Amanda Watson, of Boston. Rev. Mr. Bowler has been in California for one year for the benefit of his health, which was much improved by the change. If he becomes entirely well, he will remove to Maine in a year.

Mr. C. M. Morse, of Bridgeport, Mich., who is a constant reader of the JOURNAL, says: "There were 79 deaf-mutes killed by the trains on the railroads during the years 1880 and 1882. There were 28 deaf-mutes killed, and 5 deaf-mutes struck and very badly hurt during the year 1883. Total, 112 killed and hurt by the train."

Had not the M. L. A. better reconsider their conditions of admission to their levee on December 28th, respecting the admitting of ladies? We know it is one of the rules of Lyric Hall that no lady shall be admitted without an escort, but this is an exceptional affair. A great many deaf-mute ladies wish to attend, but will be unable to do so unless they have an escort. We predict there will be a very slim attendance if there is not a satisfactory arrangement made respecting this.—*Cor.*

As Col. C. J. Cowles was coming up Trade street yesterday about noon, he discovered a man in the new store house of Mr. Wm. Gray, nearly dead from the effects of chloroform. The man had a bottle of the drug in his pocket with which he had saturated a handkerchief and placed it over his face, and his heart had almost ceased to beat when Col. Cowles discovered his condition. The proper restorative measures were used and the man was finally brought around all right. He proved to be a stranger, and a deaf-mute, about whom nobody seemed to know anything. His intention appeared to have been suicide, and he no doubt would have succeeded, but for his discovery by Col. Cowles. The last seen of him he was greatly exhausted and as pale as chalk from the effects of the drug, walking out of town by the Air Line depot. The man was evidently in deep distress from some cause, but no explanation of any kind could be gotten out of him.—*Goldensboro Messenger, N. C., Dec. 17, '83.*

The Catholic Literary & Benevolent Union are to be congratulated upon selecting such a magnificent hall as Irving Hall for the second Annual Grand Reception. Irving Hall is doubtless the best hall in the great city of New York. The Union also deserves the sincere thanks and best wishes of the entire mute population for fixing the admission fee at the popular price of fifty cents, which is within the reach of all, and which goes so far as to have no room for doubt that the principal purpose of the affair is to afford all an opportunity to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content at the lowest possible outlay. It has been truly said that the jolly Prof. Sasse never fails to gladden the hearts of lovers of music, and certainly he will not fail at the coming Grand Reception. Prepare, young and old, for a rousing evening, as the committee of arrangements, as well as all the members, are determined to make this the grandest affair of the kind since our good and great friend, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, opened the doors of old Hartford to receive and educate the deaf and dumb.—*A Non-Member.*

## MARRIED.

BRYAN—LUDWIG.—In New York, by Rev. Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. Charles Bryan and Miss Emily Ludwig, daughter of Henry Ludwig, Esq., both of New York.

Miss Hannah Hess, sister of John W. Hess, of Hagerstown, Md., is visiting friends in Lancaster, Pa.

Louis Riger, of New Haven, Ct., will be present at the Manhattan Literary Association Levee, in New York, on the 28th inst.

The engagement of H. H. Brown and the young lady of New Britain, Connecticut, as reported in last week's issue, is without foundation.—*Cor.*

It is expected that Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will visit the Providence Deaf-Mute Society's room and have a social time, on the evening of the 22d inst.

Messrs. W. H. Kranse, Edward Durian, William Carter, and other Bostonians, will attend the party given at Mr. Oscar Kinsman's, in Providence, R. I., on Christmas evening.

## School for Deaf Mutes.

The School for Deaf Mutes at Beverly, Mass., opened last September with about 20 pupils in attendance. Three hundred and fifteen bushels of potatoes, 8000 heads of cabbage, twenty barrels of onions, two tons of turkeys, twenty tons of hay and one ton of beets, were raised on the farm in connection with the institution this year. As a school of practical farming, it is invaluable to the sons of farmers who wish their deaf children to help them or earn their own living upon the farm. At present there are two pupils attending the school from Maine. Their names are respectively Roscoe P. Lovejoy, Augusta, and Francis Berry, from South Chesterfield. There is one peculiarity in their relationship. Though the oldest is 15 years old and the other twelve, they stand toward each other in the relation of uncle and nephew. They are genuine farmers' boys, and as such show an aptitude for farm work. The good effects of out-door life are seen in the robust health of the boys and their uniform freedom from illness. The school fund, which originally amounted to but \$600, has been constantly increased by donations of large sums from residents of the State. It is now \$1,267 in all. A school as near as possible is a blessing very much appreciated by poor parents, or even well-to-do, and by mothers who are anxious on account of their afflicted children.—*Kennebec (Me.) Journal.*

## OBITUARY.

## JOHN TOWNSEND BARNHISEL.

The news of the death of a loved friend always brings sorrow to the heart. When that letter penned by his grief-stricken wife brought us the sad tidings that our friend of many years' standing was no more, we were pained. The past all came back to us,—the happy hours that we spent together in conversation and in rambling over the hills of the lovely Mahoning valley, and we felt that it was not possible that our friend had passed beyond our sight.

Yet it is so, and we hasten to pay a humble tribute to his memory. John Townsend Barnhisele was born in Girard, Trumbull Co., Ohio, Dec. 19, 1833. He was received at the Institution as a pupil September, 30, 1843. Making good progress for a congenital mute, he left school August, 1, 1849, but returned for one year in 1855. The rest of his years were spent in working on his father's extensive farm near Girard.

In 1870 he married Miss Emma Works, a graduate of the New York Institution. Those who saw him in the early days of his wedded life remarked the joy and pride he felt in his beautiful and vivacious bride. When continued ill-health and other circumstances combined to work a great change in her, he stood by her with patience and faithfulness, which commanded the admiration and respect of all who knew him.

Possessing a keen mind, Mr. Barnhisele kept himself well posted on current events, being a faithful reader of the news of the day. Generous and hospitable, he took delight in entertaining his mute friends. Blessed with a retentive memory, he could recall and relate amusing incidents of his school days, and humorous stories which he had picked up in his reading, with a finesse that was highly pleasing to his friends.

Consumption, the fell destroyer, had been making inroads on his health for years, but possessing a strong will and a cautious nature, he had hopes of holding the disease in check till he had reached a ripe old age. However, at four o'clock Tuesday morning, December 11th, 1883, he succumbed, leaving behind a wife and two children to mourn his loss. The next day at one o'clock in the afternoon, his remains were interred in that quiet cemetery within sight of his residence where his father and grandfather sleep.

Farewell, dear John; we shall ever remember thee as a good and true friend!—*Vis-a-Vis.*

## KENTUCKY.

DEAR JOURNAL.—It is very seldom that I can get news of importance or interest for your readers. For this very reason I have been remaining silent.

After a faithful courtship of ten years, Mr. Peter Young and Miss Sarah J. Conley, both of Jefferson County, Ky., were married last Wednesday week. No mutes were invited to witness the wedding, hence it was a great surprise for us all. Immediately after the marriage ceremony the bridegroom disappeared, and has not, since then, put in his appearance.

Mr. C. P. Fosdick, foreman of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, tendered his resignation several weeks ago, and has gone to Florida, where he bought some land to locate on. On the evening he resigned, he was presented with a handsome gold watch and guard. May success attend him in all his undertakings, is the wish of the writer.

Mr. F. Wain, of Nashville, Tenn., a cigarmaker by trade, is working in this city.

Another wedding will come off in this city ere long. All the mutes here know who the prospective parties will be, but I will not make them known to those abroad till it comes to pass.

F. C.

Dec. 8, '83.

## ST. LOUIS.

## A Couple of Lectures.

## The Ball "Boom" Squashed.

## CHURCH SERVICES.

## OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

We pick up our rusty pen after several weeks of idleness to write to your newsy paper, and nothing gives us greater pleasure, our only regret is, we can't write oftener, other business having taken our spare time for the past few weeks.

Well, now to business, have we got any news? Well, we should say, if we are not a crack full, and running over with it.

The announcement that Prof. D. A. Simpson would lecture Saturday evening, December 1, was sufficient to fill the St. Louis Deaf-Mute club's room with ladies and gentlemen, all as deaf as a post to be sure. Mr. Simpson's subject was one of Shakespeare's grandest tragedies, "King Lear," and he held his audience's attention closely from first to last, not even the dull head could but take interest in the story so plainly shown in signs.

At the conclusion of the lecture (which lasted about one hour and a half), Mr. Guss moved a vote of thanks be given the lecturer, which was heartily agreed to. The attendance was about thirty-five or forty, the fair sex outnumbering the boys.

Mr. Wm. F. Stockick and Miss Delia Mitchell were married Wednesday evening, November 28, in the presence of only the most intimate friends of both including a few deaf-mutes, all the male deaf-mutes being married, William giving the cold shoulder to his old bachelor chums—too bad, really. Mr. Joseph Mitchell and Miss Jennie Patten stood up with them. The happy couple received many presents from their friends, and have your humble servant's best wishes for good luck, wherever they may go.

The deaf-mutes on hand to assist in demolishing the wedding cake were: Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss (we guess), Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Harden and Misses Emma Macy and Jennie Patten. We must not forget to add, for the benefit of the inquisitive girls, that the bride was dressed beautifully in a dress of white (we believe), and had a wreath of roses on her head, and a sash made of roses too. If we haven't fixed it right, we can't help it.

The St. Louis deaf-mute club had its usual monthly business confab, Saturday, December 8th, and we shall never, no hardly ever, forgive the members, who voted against having a ball this year. The ball "boom" was one of our most cherished infants, and how long we fondly nursed it, we can't bear to think. However, two-thirds of the boys said no, so we are forced to think with the post, who said, "it ever thus, our fondest hopes blossom but to decay." Excuse our grief. Thomas Brown our heavy weight sergeant-at-arms, tendered his resignation, alleging as reasons he lived too far to come to the meetings regularly, and his better half was afraid the footpads would kidnap (f) him some dark night. Thomas' reasons were sufficient, and he was relieved as an officer, though he holds on to his membership. John Campbell and Ashbell Merrell were then put in the field to run for the vacant office. John Campbell received two-thirds of the vote and the prize, if it may be called that. By the way, the youngest members of the club have the lion's share of the offices, and one of the rising lights says they will get all the next election if the old ones don't look sharp. Our sympathies go with the youngsters.

Rev. A. W. Mann gave a lecture, Saturday evening, December 15th, before the Deaf-Mute Club, including a large number of ladies. His subject was "Don Quixote," and a smile frequently spread over even our solemn mug as he described the numerous funny incidents of the valiant Don's career. The lecture was uncommonly good, and Mr. Mann received a vote of thanks from every one for the evening's entertainment, and it is hoped he may give us another lecture as good ere long.

Sunday afternoon, between forty and fifty mutes turned out to attend the services by Rev. A. W. Mann at Christ's Church, and the mutes paid close attention to all that was said. The ladies held the balance of power as usual. The weather was bitterly cold, which undoubtedly prevented a larger number from attending church.

The grim reaper, Death, has been very busy during the past month, and has gathered in a loved one from several of our deaf-mute friends.

William Stafford mourns the loss of his father, who entered into rest Wednesday, Nov. 28th, after a long illness. Many of the boys were acquainted with him, and feel sorry he is gone. However, Willie can hope some day to meet him.

In a land that is fairer than day—And by faith we can see it afar, For our Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling place there.

John and Lena Krebs sorrow over the death of a little sister, called away to a happier world November 24th.

Miss Delia Pearce sustained a heavy loss by the death of her grandmother a short time since.

Miss Jennie Patten returned home very unexpectedly to every one a couple of weeks ago, the reason being the death of her favorite nephew, but she arrived too late to see him buried. However, every one is very glad to see her home again, and hope she will stay here instead of roaming out of the city and keeping several of our promising young gents on the ragged edge of despair.

Mr. J. H. McFarland, of Clarksville, Mo., turned up at the lecture Saturday night, and paralyzed his many friends who thought him a hundred miles away. Sunday afternoon he kept a large number of the young men grinning from ear to ear by his funny yarns. His object in coming down here was to stock up for the holidays.

We have an awful suspicion Edward Beetle, who always laughed at the idea of catching him, has been caught safe and fast, and from indications the day is not many moons away. What do you say Edward correct or not?

One of our chosen comrades, whom we thought was wise enough to keep out of the matrimonial net, unbosomed himself to us and told us the day was fixed, and invited us to assist at the ceremony, which takes place between now and next summer, but we are obliged to keep still just now.

We were solemnly assured somebody will marry somebody else Tuesday next, but who they are is a mystery to every one except a few, very few; and we have scratched our bald head in vain efforts to think who it can be?

But one thing is certain, bachelors will be "scarce as hen's teeth" in St. Louis before a year goes by, unless the boys look out, at least we will hold out till the moon turns green against all the forces the deaf-mute girls can bring to bear on us. Reason—we ain't worth a cent, and they know it, too.

Charles Schlipp feels blue because his wages have been cut down ten per cent, owing to the dullness in the iron-trade. Too bad, Charles, but half a hog is better than none this winter.

Edgar Hazzard is working now, though one eye is gone; he left his old place at the Vulcan, and has a better job and higher wages at the Jupiter furnace, in Carondelet.

Wish you luck, Eddie.

Hugh Lamb smiles and smiles as he sees the cash coming into his pockets, and business is rushing with him just now. Also we suspect, but we won't tell any one—just guess if you can, or ask him if he will tell what it is.

There will be a party to-morrow evening. Further particulars in our next.

Christmas is coming, and we were assured some one would remember us, so we wait in blissful anticipation of what—that's what we want to know.

Miss Augusta Vase returned to the city from the Missouri Institution last week. Why she came home, we have not asked yet.

We have been invited to attend a select party to come off pretty soon, and of course we could not refuse.

Charles Schlipp captured the turkey in the raffle before Thanksgiving, but who cooked it we don't know, as Charles don't keep house just yet, but may be he will some day.

Miss Annie McCamley received a fine pack of visiting cards with her name on last week, and would be very glad to know who sent them. Nobody in St. Louis did, and we think they are from the East.

Henry McCamley had a very fine large photograph of himself taken quarter life size and presented it to his mother, who was delighted with the gift.

A "Merry Christmas" to all, is the wish of

JIM JAMS.

Dec. 16, '83.

## THE METROPOLIS.

LIFE AMONG NEW YORK DEAF-MUTES—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

The great army of toilers who through the streets, people the marts and inhabit the houses of New York City, it told that there were a thousand or more deaf-mutes struggling in their midst, would, nine times out of ten, shrug their shoulders incredulously, and consider the statement a fabrication. However preposterous it may appear, it nevertheless is an established fact; and furthermore this number is continually being augmented by new arrivals, not only from the numerous cities and towns of the Union, but from Europe as well. The foreign population is assuming noteworthy proportions, and what is a subject for congratulation is the fact that the foreigners, as a general rule, belong to the respectable classes.

The statement vouchsafed by an obscure person in the wilds of Iowa that New York is not celebrated for the intelligence of her deaf sons and daughters, is too ridiculous for comment here. If the biased mind that gave birth to the remarkable assertion was called upon to penetrate the mystery of earning bread and butter in this city, we have no hesitation in saying that it would soon discover brains were essential to success.

There are many mutes holding responsible positions in well known business establishments. They command an ample salary, and live in exceedingly comfortable and oftentimes

luxurious apartments, on the principal streets in the most fashionable quarters of the city. They make no ostentatious display of their intelligence or wealth. Pursuing a quiet, steady life, they are from every perceptible standpoint, prosperous, happy and contented.

But your typical New Yorker is of an entirely different stamp. He belongs to that class commonly designated "middle." He may be found in the workshop and counting-room at all hours of the day, contributing the products of his skill or genius to the general good of mankind. Deafness is apparently no barrier to these knights of toil. They receive the same ratio of compensation as their more favored workmen. Their larders are abundantly supplied; their children clean, healthy and intelligent; pursuing a God-fearing, righteous existence, they command the respect of their neighbors and the admiration of their friends.

That consolation derived from the Word, interpreted by ministers of the Gospel, is not denied them. St. Ann's Church is the shrine around which cluster hundreds each Sabbath. Many a wandering soul that had strayed from the path of rectitude owes its safe guidance into the fold to the labors of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Not until this noble man is called from our midst will his efforts in our behalf be generally recognized and appreciated.

Intellectual as well as spiritual food nourishes our unfortunate population. Societies pertaining to literary advancement are in operation, and are conducted with intelligence and wisdom, and clubs for social purposes flourish.

But there are other phases of metropolitan life. The fast young man here finds sufficient to pander to his evil passions. He infests the concert halls, dance houses and saloons. His wife and children are neglected, and he abides in squalor and wretchedness. An outcast from respectable society, he has no desire to re-enter upon a life of usefulness and respectability, and descends lower and lower until lost sight of entirely.

Happily there are not many of this class. New York has reason to be proud of her deaf-mutes. Industrious, respectable citizens, they bear the burden of life bravely, and are a credit to themselves and to the commonwealth.

DR.

## IOWA ITEMS.

Last week, Wm. H. Prevost, of Villisca, Ia., Chas. Furry, of Kent, O., and Carl Hetland, of Carbon, Ia., paid a visit to John J. Thompson for a few days, but Charles visited him for only three hours. Charles' sister took him in a buggy to her home in North country. Charles said he has a mute brother, shoemaker, in Kent, O., he used to be a shoemaker. He said he don't like it, but likes to live on the farm best. He got work on a farm for \$22 per month, with his board and washing. The climate is fine. He thinks he will go back to his old home next spring.

Wm. H. Prevost left John Thompson's shop, and has gone to Council Bluffs, and got work for all winter. His wages are \$1.75 per day. He is not a married man.

Carl Hetland, of Carbon, is a mute farmer. He has got two hundred and forty acres of land. He is unmarried.

Last June, James Darnall and Abion Bates, of Fontanelle, came to see John J. Thompson. He was glad to see them again. James Darnall bought a set of new heavy harness with breeching from John, which cost \$37.25. Mr. Darnall is an old bachelor farmer.

Gildeon Kepner has moved to Mt. Etna from Prescott, with his wife and children.

Last summer, Rev. Mr. Mann and his wife and boy were visiting his brother for a few weeks. John Thompson and James Darnall were in his brother's store, and met Mrs. Mann.

## IMPORTANT SALE.

Mr. L. M. Mann completed a sale Wednesday by telegraph with Mr. D. Burrows, a wealthy capitalist of Providence, Rhode Island, of his grocery stock and brick block. The purchase price of the building was \$9,000. The stock to be taken on invoice at cost, estimated at \$12,000. Mr. Burrows will arrive in about six weeks. Mr. Mann will probably remove to Des Moines, of which we will have more to say later. The sale was made for cash. He thinks he will become a real estate agent. His grocery store is the oldest in Adams County.

John J. Thompson is a harness maker. He is going to visit at his old home in Kewanee, Ill. He has one uncle and two aunts in Chicago. Perhaps John will go to Chicago, and see his relatives, classmates and schoolmate friends this winter. He will probably travel for sixty days. He said he would like to get work in the Chicago Wholesale Harness & Saddlery Manufactory.

John J. Thompson has got three town lots in Corning, near the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Depot, for sale. They are one block South of the Depot on Davis Avenue. Three thousand dollars cash will buy them. He has a 440 acre farm for sale. He will sell the above for cash, or trade for land. Any one wishing to buy for cash or trade for land, can write to him at Corning, Adams Co., Ia.

There are seventeen deaf-mutes in Adams County.

John J. Thompson wants Mr. H. B. Bryant's address.

## IOWA DETECTIVE.

Dec. 7, 1883.

## The Gallaudet Club Dinner.

In our report of the Gallaudet Club Dinner, we inadvertently omitted the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haight, Mrs. Budd, and Messrs. S. W. McClelland and J. R. Goldman. No slight to these friends and guests of the Gallaudet Club was intended, and we wish to make this correction to show the appreciation of the honor which the Club felt by their being present, and our own regret for omitting them from the catalogue of participants.

DR.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL ORDER, of list of Societies, Clubs and Institutions of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

## CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 10th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Lectures every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary, General, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

## CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Park Hall, 185 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Mrs. M. Larson's P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

## CHIROLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum"), under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock P.M., in the Ward of Managers' parlors (fourth floor) of the M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, and elocution, to promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsett is President, and Mr. John H. Lewis is Secretary. The Secretary's address is 1426 Montrose Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Henry Barnes, President, and Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Secretary. Secretary's P.O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### Johns Hopkins vs. Kendall.

#### A BRILLIANT GAME.

#### Chips.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

In our last letter we remarked that in view of the approaching examinations, the foot-ball men would give their ball a rest until the ordeal was over, but during the week our sporting fraternity was set all agog, by a challenge from the Johns Hopkins University eleven, to play them in Baltimore on Saturday. Notwithstanding the inconvenience of the day appointed, the martial spirit of the Kendalls was so stirred at the prospect of meeting the team which had recently ousted their old friends, the Naval Cadets, that the challenge was accepted forthwith with a blast of confident defiance. Accordingly, the team, with two subs and Prof. Hotchkiss as umpire, boarded the 12-10 train for Baltimore, and, arriving at the Monumental City, were escorted by a delegation from Johns Hopkins to Negation Park, where the game was to be played. They were ready for play at full quarter of an hour before their opponents arrived, and presented a neat and compact appearance in their trim uniforms, white and blue striped canvas jackets, white knee breeches and blue stockings, but when the Johns Hopkins men presented themselves in their blue and white barred jackets and breeches they looked rather small, though they felt themselves as big as ever. In fact, our light weights were mere striplings when compared with the stalwart giants of the University recruited by the veterans of the Yale, Princeton, Haverford and Harvard teams. Their forwards were all six footers, and, in fact, their rush line averaged 160 pounds, and it required the most determined kind of work to break down their wall.

The game began at half past two sharp. Hopkins won the toss, and taking the west goal left the Kendalls with the wind blowing at twenty-five miles an hour right into their faces. Added to this the hands of our men were so numbed by the cold that there was much fumbling of the ball, a new one of polished leather. Having thus to cope with the elements in addition to their gigantic opponents, the Kendalls had but a poor show at first, and after several desperate rushes, aided by fumbles on our side, a touch-down was secured by B. Thomas for Hopkins, from which a goal was kicked. Kendalls now warmed up, however, and rallying, kept the ball well toward the middle of the field, when a tremendous kick right from the centre aided by the high wind, carried the ball toward the Kendalls' goal, where Chickering caught and fumbled it with one foot inside the goal line and touched down. This was claimed a safety by Hopkins, and allowed by the referee. Time was called soon after, the score standing Kendalls 0; Johns Hopkins 7.

When the second half began, the Kendalls felt rather blue, for, though goals were changed, they did not gain any advantage, for the sun had sunk behind the buildings surrounding the park, while the wind had veered round several points showing them as little favor as before. At the very start, Johns Hopkins secured a touch-down by the desperate rushing of Pleasant, Canfield and Thomas, but lost their goal by a bungling kick. The ball was then cleverly rushed back into Hopkins' quarters by Lynch, and after a brilliant charge, in which he toppled over Hopkins' gigantic back, he secured a touch-down, aided by Kerney. A superb kick by Berg, brought the ball over the goal bar notwithstanding the slanting wind and difficult position from which it was kicked. This left Kendall with six points, and the excitement now became intense. All through the rest of the game Hopkins was forced to act on the defensive, our men pushing them with determined vigor. Several times the two sides lined up within five feet of Hopkins' goal line, and but for too swift passing and fumbling we might yet have saved the game. When time was called the score stood; Kendalls, one goal; one safety touch-down; Johns Hopkins, one goal, and one touch-down. By points—Kendall, six; Johns Hopkins, nine. The two teams were composed of the following men:

Kendall.—Rushers: Marsh, Kerney, Lyons, Hasenstab, Boucher, and Davidson. Quarter-back: Berg. Half-backs: Lynch, Angell, and Brookmire. Back: Chickering. Hopkins.—Rushers: Reid, Yager, Bruce, H. Thomas, Wimble, Lord, Ellinger. Quarter-back: Canfield. Half-backs: Pleasant, Stevens. Back: B. Thomas, Umpire for Kendall: Prof. Hotchkiss, for Johns Hopkins: George Carey. Referee: Lee Bonnal. Though in this case the Kendalls cannot say of themselves that they went and saw and conquered. Still they have every reason to be satisfied with the game they have played, and, as for us, we think it the best game that they have played this season. Their rush line was weakened by the absence of Haas, Hanson and Hyde, who are laid up in dry-dock for repairs, but the subs who took their place, Kerney, Lyons and Boucher, did fairly well. The way Lyons hugged the ball was a marvel, and in one case he literally rolled and squirmed with it to within one foot of Hopkins' goal line, with the whole

weight of the opposing team piled upon him. Marsh, though the smallest man in our team, topped over the biggest of the university men in a splendid style, by his superb waist tackling. Brookmire was as slippery as an eel, and it was hard work to stop him. Angell, the Orlinton of the eleven, played in his usual dashing style, though with his head bandaged to cover an ugly cut over the right eye, which he received in a game with the High School boys last week. Berg as Captain and quarter back played a fine game and surprised even the Johns Hopkins veterans by the variety of his tricks. Chickering's kicking was up to the usual mark in spite of the high opposing wind, and Hasenstab as snap and forward did good work. No casualties resulted from the game except a few barked shins and elbows, and wrenched shoulders. Altogether the rushing and tackling on both sides was admirable, but of the two the Kendalls had the most odds against them and also showed the most pluck and finesse. Everything connected with the game has afforded satisfaction except the poor marking of the grounds. There were no bearings to guide the boys, and many claims for offside play allowed the university men which were manifestly unfair, as they were responsible for the marking and should have had it properly done. About two hundred spectators, among them a number of Baltimore's famous blondes, witnessed the game. Our boys returned with the evening train, and notwithstanding the defeat are in high spirits.

The examinations will engross all our time during the week. The college student is no more exempt from that disease which is popularly known as examination fever than the institution urchin, and until all is over the average student will finger his books somewhat less gingerly than usual. The midnight lamp is also burning until the wee sma hours in the studies of those men who are ambitious of class honors. The appended poem, probably a production of the college laureate, was shown under our door the other day, and as it unfolds a tale of general truth regarding life here during examination week, we copy it in our letter.

#### EXAMINATION WEEK

The Duck all innocent of guile  
Grinds and grinds and grinds the while;  
The Freshman lean, long, lank and tall,  
Doth shiver and fear against the wall,  
While before his eyeballs green  
Dance square, rhomboid and "prop. 16"  
The Soph. his bicycle astride  
The Latin aisles along doth ride;  
But anon convulsed with grief  
Swears chemistry is a doosed thief,  
The Junior kiosk at Mechanics  
And raves at modern Kinetics,  
Stale dynamics, and all their crew  
That moulder his waste through—  
Doth pull his hair.  
Swoars, "He'll be there,"  
If any where.

The Senior with a sedate smile  
Views all this as beneath his while,  
And quoting from his Casseuses  
Yows college life has lost its bliss  
Sings stately odes, and sings—  
Have on the Green their courses run.

Copies of the annual report of the Columbia Institution for the year, ending last June was distributed among the students last Monday. It contains a full account of the unveiling of the Garfield bust and the attendant ceremonies. Our cook is beginning to realize that variety is the spice of life. Escalloped oysters appeared on the students' table on Tuesday in place of the usual soup. The odious bread-pudding has also passed into the land of oblivion, and is now remembered only as a hideous dream.

The "Lit" was in receipt of an invitation to the annual dinner of the Gallaudet Club, from T. F. Fox, '83, but was unable to attend. Thanks all the same.

Hon. J. J. Kleiner, M. C. from Indiana, attended chapel services Sunday afternoon. An ominous notice, informing students as to the whereabouts of the stretcher used in case of accidents appeared on the bulletin last Wednesday, signed by the President's clerk.

Prof. Gordon has kindly offered to give a course of six lectures on chemistry, provided he will receive sufficient encouragement from the students. They are to be given on Saturday nights, and will be illustrated with experiments as far as the resources of the laboratory will allow. We will be there for one.

Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Dike, of Vermont, Secretary of the New England Divorce Reform Association, has been Dr. Gallaudet's guest during the week. He lectured before the students on the increasing danger of the divorce evil, and of the necessity of suppressing the same, on Sunday afternoon. Ex-President Pyncheon of Trinity, who was Dr. Gallaudet's professor in college thirty years ago, is also the Doctor's guest at present.

Mysterions placards bearing the legend: "Gas," have been appearing lately tacked to the doors of the Seniors and Juniors on the second floor, with a persistency worthy of a better cause. They probably emanate from some wee Duckling, who, having called on the Nestors of the college while they were "not at home," left his card to let them know that "he'd been there."

Some wag has been putting a baby carriage alongside of Prof. Hotchkiss, "Star" in the bicycle corridor of late. The professor views the oricycle, as he calls it, with silent contempt, however, and pursues the even tenor of his way as stanch a bachelor as ever. The "first snow of the season" fell yesterday—just about enough to furnish a snowball for the belligerent Sophomore. Well, its about time that cold wave (we don't mean the snowball) struck us.

He for home next Saturday.

HARRY FIELDING.

Dec. 17, '83.

## Teaching Deaf-Mutes.

### Explaining the Method of Instruction at the New Jersey Institution.

#### DEAF-MUTES WHO ARTICULATE.

(State Gazette, Dec. 10.)

There has been already published in these columns an elaborate description of the State Deaf and Dumb Institution. It has not been open very long, but the beautiful place is familiar to nearly every body in the city. Thousands have viewed its exterior, and all who have cared to ring the bell and ask the privilege of seeing the interior have been shown through the building either by the courteous and kindly Principal, Prof. Jenkins, or one of his assistants, and not a single person who has passed from room to room in the place but has been struck, not only by the extreme cleanliness that prevails in every foot of the home, but the happy results attained in the arrangements of the apartments. The plumbing, ventilating and lighting features, always serious problems in the construction of a large building which shall be at once a home and a school for growing children, seem to be as nearly perfect as it is possible to get them. The Trustees labored hard to secure a good home and school for the deaf-mute children of New Jersey and how well their toil and care and anxiety have been repaid is shown in the present institution of which the State may be justly proud. But it is the instruction imparted to the young inmates, and the outcome of it in the future that the chief interest now centers. To learn something of the teaching method in vogue in the school, a *State Gazette* reporter visited it a few days ago while the pupils were at their desks. In the educational line nothing more interesting may be observed anywhere. There are forty-seven boys and thirty-four girls in the school. They form five classes, the children ranging in years from six to seventeen. They are graded according to accomplishment, and while a boy of twelve may be in the lowest or beginner's class, a girl of ten may be in the most advanced class. It is difficult to describe within the limits of a short article, the varied steps by which a child who can neither hear nor speak, is taught the language and how to read and write it. But this and more is done here, for some of the children are even being taught to speak. In the lowest class for boys there are sixteen pupils.

To instruct these requires the most skilled and competent teacher of the faculty, since they know nothing whatever of the language and must be taught it before reading and writing can be taken up. What skill, what patience, and labor and devotion are necessary to teach such a child the names of objects to acquaint its mind with the meaning of words and the use of the objects it is taught about, and finally to educate it, as well as if it enjoyed the natural advantages of hearing and speech, cannot be comprehended, except, perhaps, by those who have had some experience in a school room. The teacher of this class is a deaf-mute; a very intelligent young lady of quick perception, and in every way well qualified for her task. She has brought to it all the qualities of mind and heart that it needs. Professor Jenkins, by making signs on his fingers, requested her to show the reporter how her pupils were taught the language. Against her desk was an axe, and on it a watch, a cup and other articles. The first step is to show them objects like these. The teacher holds them up in her hands, and the little pupils gaze at them. Then she goes to a blackboard and with chalk writes the name of the object shown, like this: "The axe." "The cup." "The pen." The pupil is again requested to gaze at the article and then upon the word written upon the black-board. He learns that the word is the written form of the more tangible object. He next copies what the teacher has written, which establishes more firmly in his mind the connection between the word and the article, and identifies them there forever. When the pupils have thus learned what a pen is, what a watch is, and a hundred and one objects are, they are taught to write them from their own memories. The teacher writes the words no more except for the boy who does not get his lessons well. The reporter witnessed the aptness of all the pupils. They seemed much pleased to have a visitor watch their proceedings, and took pride in showing what their teacher's labor had done for them. She motioned to a boy who had only been in the school three weeks, and who before his entrance, could not form a single letter. He stood up, his bright eye fastened upon his teacher's countenance. She picked up the watch. The boy turned to a blackboard behind him and rapidly wrote in a neat hand, "The watch." He read other articles and wrote their names with equal proficiency.

A pupil having advanced thus far in his studies is taught to form sentences. The teacher does a certain thing—opens a door, touches a hat, shuts a watch—then she writes in a simple sentence of three or four words what she has done. The pupil is directed to follow her actions. He, too, touches an object or performs some simple action, and, like her, describes in a few words what he has

done. Then the teacher does something, and without writing anything herself inquires of a scholar what she has done, and he, having been educated up to the point, writes on the blackboard: "You looked the door," or "You opened the window," telling thus what ever it be she has done. As before stated, it is not possible here to take the reader through every step of the pupil in the progress of his education. He learns little by little, and only with the exercise on the part of teacher of the greatest care, attention and patience. To instance by another illustration how difficult yet how thorough is the drilling of the pupil, a reference to the manner in which they are taught grammar may be interesting. For the use of adjectives the teacher has a set of colors, including black, yellow, blue, green, &c. As he has before learned what a pen is, so the deaf-mute boy is now taught what blue and green and other colors are. He learns to distinguish one from the other and writes about the black slate, the red ball, the blue ribbon, &c. An idea, but only an idea, may be gained how other points in grammar are taught, by showing how the pupils get their third person. One boy opens his book, or does something, and the boy going through his lessons writes on his slate or the black-board what has been done. Girls of the same intellectual grade as the boys are taught the language and how to read and write in the same way. In the advanced classes picture books are used. The higher the class, the less patience and skill are necessary in the teacher. Once out of the lowest class, the pupil, boy or girl, knows more or less of the language, and reading and writing come more easily. A picture, or chart is placed upon the blackboard. The teacher asks, either by making signs with her fingers, or writing the question, "how many men do you see in the picture?" The pupils write or tell with the fingers the exact number, and carries on a long conversation, if the teacher chooses, about everything connected with the objects in the picture.

"What has the tall man in his right hand?" inquired Prof. Jenkins of a whole class, while the reporter was standing by.

"Nothing," was the reply, given by the fingers of half a dozen hands, working like lightning.

The Professor looked astonished. "He has a hat, has he not?"

"No," the pupils said, simultaneously, though of course no word was uttered, and the white fingers of the little ones held in the air were again working like lightning.

The reporter, curious to know what was going on, kept his eye on the professor's face, which in an instant was wreathed in smiles.

"My mistake," he said, "the pupils say there is nothing in the man's right hand but that he holds a hat in his left hand." And it was so. The pupils in all the classes are a bright and interesting lot. They are playful and happy. The older ones appreciate the efforts of their teachers and strive with all their might to learn and get along in their studies.

Above, it was stated that some of them are taught to speak, and that is true. A girl of seventeen was called into the room in which the reporter sat witnessing the exercises, and Professor Jenkins talked with her a few moments. She seemed to hear what he said and answered his questions as any girl might, although her articulation was at times a little indistinct. It was not enough so, however, to interfere with understanding her perfectly. She had really not heard anything the Professor had said, but took the words from his lips as he formed them while speaking. He spoke deliberately, she watching his mouth intently, and her answers were given with quickness and animation. This girl had several years' instruction under her present teacher in another institution. She is considered a somewhat exceptional instance, because of her unusual aptness, and the result in her case is pointed out as what may be accomplished under most favorable circumstances. She was not born a deaf-mute, but lost her sense of hearing and speech during early childhood, when of necessity she had already learned something of language. Articulation is taught quite successfully, however, and all the pupils in one class can pronounce words distinctly, while many of them can now enunciate phrases which when received into the school less than two months ago had never uttered an articulated sound. The processes used in teaching articulation are peculiar, and again demand great skill and patience on the part of the teacher. For example, it is desired to teach the loud sound of o, as in boat. The teacher calls a pupil to her, and, placing her hand on his throat, so that the pupil may feel the vibration produced, and directing his attention to the position of her lips, utters the sound.

He endeavors to imitate the action, using a hand mirror to guide him in placing his vocal organs in position. The trained ear of the teacher, listening intently to the nondescript noise which he gives forth, recognizes the fault as produced by too great an elevation of the tongue. The right pronunciation is secured by introducing a pencil into the mouth and depressing the tongue to the right position.

The thousand and one ways of making a sound wrongly are met by as many expedients on the part of the teachers. By feeling the larynx, the difference between high and low pitch is taught. The chest, the throat, the nose, the top of the head are manipu-

lated until, without being able to hear a sound, the pupil can enunciate clearly and discriminate accurately the most difficult sounds. Of course speech acquired in this artificial way is always labored, and often harsh, but the advantage its possession gives to a deaf person is inestimable even though oral conversation with him can never be a pleasure. Besides what has already been mentioned, arithmetic, history and geography, are taught in the school. These studies, however, are made subsidiary to those of reading and writing. The inmates as well as they are housed, and their environments in every particular are pleasant to them.

Prof. Jenkins, the superintendent, has had many years' experience as a teacher of deaf-mutes in one of the largest institutions in this country, and Miss Emma J. Ely, the teacher of articulation, is one of the most experienced and successful teachers in this interesting and novel branch of education.

#### The Children of the Martyr.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I take with great pleasure to pen for your valuable paper a brief account of two children who are known to the deaf-mutes.

Two little daughters of Mr. Freeman died in India. The remaining daughter, Fanny Lucrecia, a deaf-mute, was sent to America at the age of five years, in company of a lady and her two daughters. The lady died and was buried at sea, leaving her daughters and Fanny Lucrecia Freeman to continue to journey in care of the ship officers. After a year, Mrs. Freeman (mother of Fanny) died suddenly in India, leaving her husband desolate. So Mr. Freeman returned to America bringing his little son. He married another lady. In a year he went back to India with his second wife. Afterwards they both suffered martyrdom.

The little son is now Rev. Mr. John N. Freeman, the able and successful preacher. He has been an Instructor at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for two years.

Miss Fanny Freeman went to school at the same Institution, and graduated from the High Class. She married Mr. C. K. Strong, a deaf-mute, educated at Fanwood. He has served in the United States Treasury as a faithful and honorable clerk for many years. They are still living in Washington. They have two bright sons who can talk by signs very well, though they are possessors of the faculties of hearing and speaking.

Allow me to add a few lines to this. Miss Freeman was very popular in the Institution. She was admired by every body at school. One day, the late Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet gave an exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Dr. Adams' Church, while Fanny was yet a child, and she wrote a beautiful composition. It was as follows: "I was born in Allahabad, Northern India. I am thirteen years old. My father, Rev. Mr. John E. Freeman, is a missionary at Mynpoorie; he is preaching to the heathen, who are in the darkness and worship idols. My mother died one year after I left India. I have no sisters, but only one brother, who is attending the Boarding School at Hackettstown, N. J., he is younger than I; he can hear and speak. I was born deaf and dumb. When I was five years old, I left my home, and went to Calcutta, where I was taken care of by Mrs. Scott, a kind lady. She had two little daughters, who were my play-mates. We left Calcutta in a ship, and sailed to England. We were four months going to England. While I was in the ship, I played with Mrs. Scott's daughters, and their two large dolls in the cabin. During the voyage, Mrs. Scott was taken sick, and died. Her children and I wept for her. Her body was placed in a coffin, and the sailors buried her in the ocean. One of the passengers, a gentleman, pitied us, and took good care of us. We reached England, where we stayed a short time; then we got into another ship, and sailed to America. My grandmother, who resided at Newark, N. J., adopted me. She is so kind to my wants. I love her very much, indeed. I was too young to leave my home, but the physicians told my parents that I had better come to America, for something might be done to restore my hearing, but God made me deaf and dumb, and I am patient. I thank God very much for giving me kind friends and many other blessings. Before I came to this Institution, I never knew about God or anything. I was very ignorant like the heathen. Now I understand clearly about God and Jesus Christ, who came into the world, and died on the cross to save sinners.

APOTECHE.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23D, 1883.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 2:45 P.M.

All Saints Memorial Church, Providence, Rhode Island, 3 P.M. Combined service at 7:30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret and speak in relation to church work among deaf-mutes.

Christmas services in St. Ann's Church, New York, at 7 and 10:30 A.M., will be interpreted for deaf-mutes.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1883.

St. Ann's Church, New York, Holy Communion service for Deaf-mutes at 2:45 P.M.

## COLUMBUS.

### Jottings of a Week.

### Wedding in Cleveland.

#### Preparing for Santa Claus.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Compared with its predecessor, the past week has not brightened up much in the matter of Institution news.

The surprise of the week was the sudden advent of a snow storm on Friday afternoon, and the whitening of the ground to the depth of an inch on the following morning.

The pupils of the Blind Asylum, five minutes' walk from here, were favored with a lecture on his European travels from Mr. Sessions, one of our trustees, very recently.

The independent telephone system introduced into this Institution a week or two since is working very satisfactorily.

The inside shelving of our house fountain is adorned with five earthen pots of tropical plants and one is left standing in the water, the whole presenting an attractive living cluster of water plants.

I. J. Porter, formerly connected with this Institution as an attendant, with an honorable ambition to become a teacher here, once a candidate for the position of Superintendent of the Colorado Institute and now principal of the public school of Dublin, Ohio, was at this Asylum on Wednesday last week, conversing with friends. He looked as well as he ever did. If there is any change, the least we can say is that he then kept a bachelor's hall, but since, for a year or more, he has been a benedict.

Mr. George W. Chase, who so kindly filled the temporary vacancy in our corps of teachers last term, was at the Institution last Thursday evening a short time. He left on the night train for Kansas, where he has secured a permanent situation in the state Institution for the deaf and dumb out there. We wish him success and many years of usefulness in the profession.

Winter birds abounded upon the trees and in the corners of our yard during the sunny days of last week. We counted two and a half dozens in a certain corner. They were probably the forerunners of the snow storm that soon followed.

Edward Dundon, the famous deaf-mute pitcher of the summer of 1883, is not sleeping quietly on his well earned laurels, but keeps wide awake and is busy every day at the science of ball pitching, and will try to master half a dozen twists of no more in sending the ball where it will do the most good—to the hands of the catcher behind the bat.

David Patton, of Class 1883, and Frank Minego of the Grammar Department and making arrangements to enter into the field of base-ball next summer. They will begin at the bottom of the ladder at Portsmouth, Ohio, and then if they reach the top round, they may look with confidence into the future of base-ball glory. With the Portsmouth club, Patton expects to fill the position of pitcher, and Minego, catcher.

The sad intelligence has reached us of the death of Mr. John Barnhisel of Girard, Ohio, which occurred on Monday, the 10th inst. Mr. Barnhisel first came here in 1843, but his school course was very much interrupted on account of ill health, and it was not until 1856 when he finally received his certificate of graduation. In 1871, he married his present wife, then Miss Emma Works of New York State, a lady of engaging appearance and accomplished manners. The union of their lives has been blessed with two fine boys, aged respectively 12 and 3 years. Mr. Barnhisel's life was identified with the history of fifty years, of which however we are not so well acquainted with as some others might be. Being well connected, and favored with an abundance of the world's goods, the deceased leaves his family in comfortable circumstances. We tender the bereaved wife and mother our sincere sympathy in her present great sorrow.

George McGowan who so narrowly escaped being killed by the cars a fortnight ago, at Kenton, O., has a sister here at school. The first news told her that he had been killed. Later information allayed her grief.

Mrs. Rose, the matron, was in Newark, O., last week, attending the wedding nuptials of her nephew.

Mrs. Eldridge, of Springfield, O., is expected in Columbus during Christmas week.

The Christmas-evening entertainment promises to be a grand affair, a new departure in every way.

Miss Mary Marks, of Indiana, has accepted a position in the family of Mr. Patterson on East Rich Street, the old help retiring on a long vacation. Miss M. was in chapel Sunday.

The State Fair which has been held so successfully on the grounds of the Franklin County Fair grounds at the East end terminus of the Long and Oak street horse railway, will in a few years be held on the grounds recently purchased by the State Board of Agriculture, which lie a mile and a half northeast from the State House. Deaf-mutes visiting the State fair in future years will find it less convenient to visit their *Alma Mater* on State Fair days.

How business prospers in Columbus in mid-winter may be gathered from the report of clearings of the Columbus Clearing House for the week ending December 15th. Total \$1,557,067. Corresponding week last year, \$1,046,074.

Superintendent Pratt, in company with Dr. Byers, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, went to Cleveland, O., last Saturday. Monday following, the Institution regained its naturalness of looks in the return of its head.

Miss Laura Gard, a pupil of the Institution, has signaled herself by enclosing \$1.50 in a letter through one of the teachers to Miss Angie Fuller, for a copy of the "Venture." Let many do likewise.

The wrongs of the workingmen and how to right them was the embodiment of Dr. Gladden's eloquent lecture at Cleveland the other day. Five thousand workmen crowded in to hear him. Mr. Charles Suers, of Clintonville, O., with Willie Rose, of this city, were the visitors at the Institution last Saturday evening.

Several of our teachers have received cards of invitation upon which the inscription reads—"The Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann request your presence at the marriage of their sister, Grace Olive Smith, to A. Dudley Hays, Tuesday Dec. 25th, 1883, at 10 o'clock, A.M., Grace Church Cleveland."

It was handed us as follows: "John C. Benedict, of class 1883, will begin his printing business in Ashley, Delaware County, O., where the paper is going to be started soon."

Mrs. Vandever, who has been a good help in the Patterson family for two or three years past, left last week for the country. She will probably come back on Christmas. Then she will spend a few weeks with her sister in Newark, O., after which she may take in Youngstown.

Miss Jennie Shrom has obtained leave of absence from Saturday next until after Christmas.

Advices from our friend, Lewis Flenniken, at Colorado Springs, Col., are to the effect that he will not accept the position offered him there. He has already started on his way back here, and is expected to reach this Institution about the middle of this week.

The old movable slate stand has disappeared from the chapel stage, and in its place a new one of different make appears, upon which the crayon writing gives much more satisfaction to the eye-sight.

It was snowing all day, Sunday, so winter seems to have come in earnest at last. And perhaps Santa Claus will be the more heartily welcomed.

"NUMBER SIXTY-SEVEN" makes its exit with an "M. C." bow to the readers of the JOURNAL.

#### THE IDEA LANGUAGE.

(Middleton, Ct., Herald.)

The title "Idea Language," while it is in fact applicable as well to the spoken as to the language of signs may be used as more particularly applicable to the latter, and is thus used by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the son of the founder of the Asylum for the deaf and dumb in Hartford, in an address delivered not long since in New York, from which we quote the following:

"My father was the first man who became interested in the work among deaf-mutes in this country, and went to Europe to learn the sign-language in 1815. In 1817 he founded the first school for mutes in Hartford, Conn. From that school sprung all those we have now. My mother was a mute, and I learned the language of signs as soon as I did the English language. My wife is a mute, and I have spent my life among mutes. Signs and motions have been gradually built up into a system, which is now entitled to be called a language—the language of motion—a pantomime of ideas. Some mutes are taught to speak, but in rare instances.

"I speak to the mutes in this idea language, which means that I do not spell out the words or language at all, but am able frequently by a motion to express completely my meaning. Only proper names have to be spelled with the fingers. There is no English or French or Spanish or German in this idea language; it is universal, and mutes of different nationalities can converse as readily as those of the same."

The idea of universality attached to this language or mode of thought expression by the deaf and dumb attaches also to the language of signs, as it exists all over the world. Not many years since there was an examination made by Austrian savants, with government assistance, of the language of gesticulation, a commission visiting all races that could be reached, barbarous and civilized, and the result went to prove that among them all the same gestures were used, with very little difference, to express ideas or emphasize words. The language of signs was probably the first language used by man, and it is a language common to men and animals.

A new departure has been made lately, and it is said with a certain success, in substituting lip movement and facial expression for gesture language.

Every one knows how much those afflicted with deafness depend upon the movement of the lips of those addressing them in order to understand what is said, and upon this fact the new school is founded. It will probably be found that the union of both these methods will produce the best results. The latter will find it difficult, if not impossible, to do without the manual gestures, while the older method has always depended more or less upon the movement of the lips.

The saddest point in the history of the great philanthropy is the fact that so far no practical advance has been made in the effort to "loose the tongue" of the dumb and in the conclusion that such a result will never be reached.



